

REMEMBER.

A Piquant Adventure.

[From the Parisian.]

This is a story of yesterday, or rather last Saturday, for it dates from the first of the season; but before beginning it some explanations are necessary. In the month of January, 1878, Julien de Beauvoir had buried his bachelor life decently and with suitable pomp in the private room at the Cafe Anglais, which is universally known as the grand rendez-vous. After this ceremony had been performed, a rich and beautiful American lady, Blanche Green, whose father had amassed a colossal fortune in the days when Wall street was synonymous with El Dorado. Blanche had been brought up in Paris and had come thoroughly French in her ideas of life and living, and was quite happy in her marrying Julien de Beauvoir she was contracting a union as well as of inclination. After a happy month of honeymoon spent in Switzerland, the young couple had come to Paris and settled in a luxurious apartment in the Rue Aubert, looking on Grand Opera. For two years not a word appeared on the matrimonial horizon. Blanche thought Julien the most perfect being in creation, and Julien looked heaven that his wife's only shortcoming was jealousy. But what did that matter to him? It was simply the logical and fatal consequence of the passion that he had inspired. It flattered his vanity, and as he had not the slightest notion of ever being unfaithful to Blanche, he slept in peace.

One night a note on rose-colored and fumed paper arrived, addressed to Julien. It was carnival time, and the end anniversary of the marriage was wing near. The writing was as fine as delicate as the paper; the style was poetic and mysterious, and the signature stung. We copy the note, word for word:

CHER JULIEN: Tantot, a une heure sous le porche du foyer de l'opera. Remember. Julien was puzzled by this mysterious note. Who could have sent it? Who did bid him remember? The style and handwriting indicated that the author of the misadventure was not one of the numerous blonde or dark-haired beauties at rose in Julien's memory as he passed trippingly in review of his bachelor life. Under the clock in the foyer of the opera. An ordinary "pecheress" would have added "of the opera." There but one foyer in the world where a rendezvous can be given for one o'clock the morning. "Of the opera" was a sonnet of which none but a "femme monde" could have been guilty. The typography, too, was irreproachable. So Julien, after these reflections, decided to just for a moment, in order, merely, make Sphinx speak.

His reverie was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Blanche. Julien is startled by the entrance of his wife, whom he was scarcely thinking at that moment, and he had barely time enough to slip the mysterious note into the volume of Balzac which he was reading when the servant brought in the letter. "What is the matter, Julien?" asked Blanche.

"The matter? Nothing."

"Ah! what were you doing there when I came in?"

"There? Why I was reading—reading Balzac, as you see."

The servant brought in the tea at this moment and terminated the incident. Julien, reassured, had only one thought. How could he slip out to the ball?

"Will you have some tea?"

"No, thank you, dear, I will not take any to-night."

"You are giving up your old habits?"

"I have a slight headache."

"Are you suffering?"

"Oh! it is nothing. Let us talk awhile. I will soon pass."

Blanche obeyed, but Julien hardly listened to what she said, and after chatting for half an hour she became aware of the fact that he was paying no attention whatever to her.

"What is the matter with you, Julien? You are leaving me to do all the talking, and you have not even the good grace to listen to me."

"Excuse me, I pray you! Ah! I will and smoke a cigar in the street."

"What! at this time of night?"

"I must have air."

"Smoke here, at the window. I will wait for you once for the sake of keeping you."

And without waiting for Julien's reply opened the window.

"Shut the casement. I must walk the air."

Go and walk on the balcony. I will fetch your overcoat."

The balcony is no larger than my bed. I can not pace backwards and forwards like a polar bear. Decidedly, I am going out for a bit," said Julien, going to the door.

"I beg you, Julien, do not go out," Blanche, in a coaxing voice.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Julien. The red acted like a fuse to a powder train.

"Ah! some one is waiting for you, Julien."

"How? Some one waiting for me?"

"Well, stay here, then. Where can you go at this time of the night?"

Julien had thoughtlessly given up his tub when he got married, so he could only lamely express his intention of going on to the Boulevard and coming back in a few minutes.

"Very good," replied Blanche. "I will come with you."

"You know, Blanche, that I love and adore you!"

"No; facts speak for themselves, especially to-night."

"They stammer at the utmost."

"Like Demosthenes, eloquently," retorted Blanche, who was more of a blue-stocking than most of her countrywomen.

Julien bit his lips and felt more resolved than ever to go to the ball; but, in order to calm her suspicions, he pretended to yield to her desires.

"After all you are right," he said, after a moment's pause. "I can smoke here just as well as in the street."

"That is right. Here! here is a light."

Julien lit his cigar with the match that Blanche gave him, and settled himself with feigned pleasure in an armchair, all the time thinking what he could do to escape.

Blanche fell into the trap, and placing her chair near his she said:

"Are you not more at your ease here than on the boulevard?"

"Certainly, a thousand times better, my dear," said Julien, with an anxious glance at the fingers of the clock, which seemed to move with the rapidity of an express train.

"You said that very coldly?"

"It is the weather," he replied, in a light tone.

"Naughty fellow!"

The noise of the arrival of the carriages, and of the masqueraders on the steps of the opera came to Julien's ears. Seized with a sudden fit of impatience he rose and threw his cigar into the fire.

"This London is beastly," he said.

"Try another."

"I am going to bed."

"Already?"

"Yes; I am growing sleepy. Good-night. You had better go to bed, too."

Julien kissed his wife and disappeared; but as soon as he thought Blanche had entered her chamber, he reopened the door of the salon and found himself face to face with the footman, who was clearing the table.

"It is no use hesitating," said Julien to himself. "I must buy his silence."

And approaching the man, he put five louis into his hand.

"Here take this, and understand that everything is to believe that I am asleep."

"Monsieur dort," said the servant, who was no fool, as he slipped the gold into his pocket.

Ten minutes later Julien de Beauvoir was mounting the famous staircase which all the world have heard about, and directing his footsteps to the no less famous foyer. Two gentlemen followed him at a distance, and when they saw him enter the foyer and cast an anxious glance at the clock, they exchanged a significant smile and determined not to lose sight of him.

One o'clock struck. Julien looked around him inquiringly. The dominoes kept passing and repassing before him, but none came up to him.

A quarter of an hour passed and Julien was still waiting patiently.

"He is superb," said one of the two gentlemen who were watching him.

"Yes," said the other, "There is your strong man, your virtuous husband, your contraband Cato. But no woman speaks to him."

"Bravo! let us watch the game."

A woman in an elegant domino had indeed come up and without saying a word placed a finely-gloved hand on his arm.

"At last!" said de Beauvoir. "It is you. I was beginning to tremble lest you should not come."

"You were wrong since I have come," replied the masked woman.

I know that voice, thought Julien to himself. Where have I heard it? Then, yielding to a sudden doubt:

"It was you who wrote me?"

"Remember, yes. Why that question? Don't you know who I am?"

"Of course I do. Why should I not?"

Julien took the domino on his arm round the foyer.

"Let us leave the ball," said the unknown lady brusquely. "Let us go to my house."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Czar's Brother at Home.

[London World.]

The huge mass of granite building known as the Marble Palace at St. Petersburg, standing on the Palace Quay, in a line with the imperial residence and the Hermitage, is the abode of the Grand Duke Constantine, the second son of the late Emperor Nicholas, and a man of whom Prince Bismarck is reported to have observed that he has the soundest brains of any descendant of Peter the Great.

In tastes, habits and appearance the Grand Duke is a thorough Englishman of the student or scientific type.

He was standing one day on the pier at Ryde, when an American tourist, lately landed in England, and very enthusiastic about everything English, observed: "Now, that is a thorough specimen of your English aristocrat. There is no other country whose nobility produces such a vigorous build joined to the highest standard of education."

Though an inch or two shorter than his Imperial brother, he still towers above an ordinary crowd; and his auburn hair, fair healthy complexion, and light-blue near-sighted eyes with light eyelashes always peering through spectacles, bear a strong resemblance to his father's.

But his thoughtful intellectual expression has nothing of the absorbing melancholy which was almost as visible in Nicholas in his later days as it is in the present Emperor; and one can hardly be surprised that Nicholas, early recognizing the superior abilities of his second son, and contrasting them with the hereditary tendency to hypochondria which had already begun to show itself in Alexander, should have ardently hoped that the eldest son and Queen Victoria might be so mutually attracted in her young unmarried days, when they met at Windsor, as to enable him to make a comfortable settlement in England for his first-born in the position of Prince Consort, while bequeathing to Constantine the throne of Russia.

The Grand Duke is a musician of some skill, and his house is the chief fashionable resort of artists, authors and scientific men at St. Petersburg. At

though the Emperor is fond of conversation, a troublesome affection in his throat makes articulation difficult and painful. Consequently the presence of his brother at the dinner-table is no small relief. The Grand Duke has had a heavy trial in his eldest son, whose extraordinary follies have, on more than one occasion, caused him to be placed under restraint as insane, and who has for the last three years only been kept quiet by being employed on a nominal survey in Central Asia. His eldest daughter is married to the King of Greece; and his youngest daughter Vera, who had been adopted by her aunt, the Queen of Wurtemberg, was married to a prince of that house in 1873, but has been already left a widow with twin daughters. His second son, a remarkably fine young man, is in the Russian Navy, and excited much admiration in Paris when he visited the Exhibition in 1878 on his way from Biarritz, where the Grand Duchess Constantine, who is an invalid, chiefly resides. The Grand Duke at St. Petersburg lives the life of a busy statesman more than of a man of pleasure. He has encouraged temperance societies to establish branches in Russia; and in the coldest parts of the winter has opened a kitchen in his palace where hot tea has been given away to all who chose to come for it.

Paul de Kock made a great deal of money out of his books. He was publisher as well as author, and at his death his son and daughter came in for a very good property, as he bequeathed to them the copyright of about one hundred novels. Two French publishers, who have just been prosecuted for infringing on this privilege in the case of three of Paul de Kock's works, have been sentenced to the payment of \$300 by way of damages.

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